

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VALENTINE GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 36.—VOL. XXI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1809.

NO. 1078.

## THE REPENTANT FUGITIVE.

### A TALE.

In one of the northern counties of England, resided, some years since, an honest farmer, whose industry, integrity, and economy, had procured him the respect and affection of all his neighbours. He was always willing, and even eager, to serve to the utmost of his power, every one who applied to him for his assistance, as not a grain either of selfishness or ill nature mingled in his composition. Artless and unsuspecting, he might be easily deceived and imposed upon, but he himself could deceive no one.

The reward of his goodness of heart he seemed to receive in his domestic happiness. His wife, whose disposition was the exact counterpart of his own, had been the choice of his youth, the object of his sincere and most ardent affection, and they had long lived together in uninterrupted happiness. He had, too, a daughter, his tenderly beloved Lucy, whose gradually expanding beauty, accompanied by the appearance of those good and amiable qualities, the seeds of which he had carefully endeavoured to implant in her mind, both by education and example, gave him every day new pleasure. Lucy, indeed, as she grew up, was endowed by nature with so many charms, all armed with double force by the most artless innocence, that she was, with reason, at once the joy and hope of her delighted father, the ornament of the village in which she was born, and the admiration of the whole country for a considerable extent around her happy and peaceful dwelling.

But too soon the cruel spoiler came. One of those youths of fashion and dissipation, with an attractive and delusive exterior, but a base and unfeeling heart, well versed in all the deceit and all the mischief practised in that vortex of vice, the capital, chanced to come down on a visit to the splendid inhabitants of a stately mansion, which stood not many miles from the humble cottage of Lucy and her father, the hitherto undisturbed abode of unsuspecting innocence. He heard of the beauty of Lucy; he saw her, and his corrupt appetites became inflamed with those baser passions which he alone could feel. He was soon convinced that he could only hope for success by assuming the appearance of integrity and virtue, which he knew but too well how to assume with the most fiend-like hypocrisy. Little art of this kind was wanting, to impose on the honest and unsuspecting father, as to obtain admission into the family, and obtain access to the daughter, as an honourable suitor, able and eagerly desirous to raise her to a truly distinguished rank in life. With the daughter, whose heart he soon captivated by his elegant exterior, and superficially polished manners, he but too easily succeeded in persuading her to keep secret from her father what he pretended to intrust her with, in the full confidence of ardent and enthusiastic affection, that their marriage must be private, and remain concealed for some time, to prevent the loss of very considerable property; and that the only way to give it due privacy would be to go with him to London without

even informing her father of their departure. He, at the same time, assured her of the integrity of his intentions by the strongest promises and most solemn oaths.

The artless Lucy, unwilling to suspect deceit in one who she felt had obtained her heart, listened to, and complied with, his proposal; and, though bathed in tears at the thought of leaving her father without consulting him on the step she was taking, fled with her lover to the capital. With her fled all happiness and comfort from the heart of her honest and affectionate parents.

In London her treacherous seducer had full scope for all his base designs, and a pretended marriage soon sealed her fate. The ardour of the faithless deceiver not long after very sensibly cooled, and he treated her not merely with neglect, but with harshness and even cruelty. She discovered how basely she had been deluded, and became a prey to unavailing remorse, and the keenest anguish. Too late repentant, she resolved to return to her father, and seek in his forgiveness some consolation for her folly, and her fatal error. She returned, and reached her home; that home where she had always before found peace and happiness, but which now only redoubled the pangs that rent her afflicted heart, just at the moment when her father, who had frequently sought her in vain before, was preparing again to set out in search of her, declaring that he would not return till he had found her. She sunk on her knees before him, dissolved in bitterest tears. He felt that she was his daughter; he raised her—he embraced her—he forgave her. But the violent shock which this unexpected meeting gave his heart, already nearly exhausted by the strong emotions of anxiety and grief to which it had long been a prey, brought on, almost immediately, a severe illness, under which he languished a few days, and then closed his eyes for ever; declaring himself happy in having lived to see his daughter convinced of her folly and her error, and truly repentant; and in being permitted to take his leave of her, and bless her with his expiring breath. Lucy, during the whole time of his illness, never left him, nor could she be prevailed upon to take any rest. Fatigue and the agitation of her suffering heart, added to all she had before undergone, overpowered her delicate frame, and she soon, like wise, sank into the grave. A melancholy example of the fatal consequences of one single error, produced by the indulgence of vanity or an imprudent passion—by omitting to confide in, and take the advice of, a parent, whom affection and experience will always render competent to give salutary counsel to the passions and giddiness of youth.

## THE FORCE OF LOVE.

BY MISS ELIZA YEAMES.

FLORA ORMOND was on the point of marriage with the Hon. Augustus Stewart, when he suddenly died. Flora fell into a fainting fit when

the dreadful news reached her ears, and, on her recovery, tore her hair, and wrung, in all the agony of distraction, her fair hands: her relations hung over her, and besought her to be calm; but, breaking from them, she was not seen that day, but returned the next morning a wild maniac! Reason had fled its station, and every one shunned the approach of the harmless Flora; her most favourite children of nature, who were fed by her bountiful hand—her pensioners—all looked with sorrow and affright on the melancholy maniac. She would walk out pensively from her abode when the rain fell in torrents; the storm of the weather accorded with the perturbation of her bosom; and, going to the end of the copse, near a small farm of her father's, would she seat herself under an old oak that grew near, and warble the song of her departed lover.

One day, a young gentleman, (who proved to be a kinsman and the heir to Stewart,) passed her on foot, as he was seeking her parents, upon some business concerning his departed relative, whose person he strongly resembled. Being of an amiable disposition, he gazed with pity on her lovely face, and, stepping hastily back, seated himself by her side. He took her feverish hand, while he softly whispered, "Poor Flora!"

She looked at him some minutes wistfully;—her large blue eyes then began to roll with terrific wildness, while her beautiful features were convulsed with agony. Stretching out her arms, she uttered a piercing cry, and fell on his bosom, the name of Stewart trembling on her lips. She fell nearly senseless on the ground; and he, having procured some water, put aside the ringlets of her light hair, and besprinkled it over her face. The sweetness of her innocent smile and delightful look now so powerfully struck him, that he sighed with pain as he made an attempt to leave her, saying, "How much I pity thee, sweet Flora! hapless Ormond! Heaven assist thee!—Adieu!"

"You shall not leave me," said she, caressing him with fondness, while the delicate blush faded from her cheek, "you shall not leave me, now I see you once more—hold you again to my heart. Ah, my Augustus! I have been treated most unkindly in your absence.—Look at my arms," cried she, drawing up the sleeve of her muslin robe; "see the blows I have suffered; and I was obliged to steal out to make a fresh garland of flowers."

She then took some faded roses from her hair, and scattered them at her feet.

"But now you are come," continued she, with an affectionate smile, "I need not fear your care of me, and we will walk together, and sing together as we used, and no one will dare to say, 'Flora, you shall not do so.'"

The gentleman, whose name was Clarence, was much affected; he had fondly loved his cousin, and now could not see the youthful victim before him without shedding tears—"Farewell, beautiful Flora! dear, unfortunate girl!" he exclaimed, no longer able to bear the scene, "Good angels watch over, and restore thee."

"Cruel Stewart!" issued from her lips, as she held him forcibly by the arm, till the sud-

den exertion overpowered her. She reeled and stumbled, her head dashing violently against a large stone. She was immediately stunned, and borne home by Clarence to her distracted father.

From this day Clarence could never leave her side; whatever he said was a law, except in stirring from him, which she would never be prevailed upon to do.

(Conclusion in our next.)

## GOOD BREEDING.

Among the many advantages that attend perfect good breeding, there is one that hath never been enumerated, though far from being the least; and that is the relief which the mind, when under any impression, receives upon the sudden intrusion of company, by finding itself compelled to bestow on another, that attention which would otherwise be rivetted to its own situation.

There is a certain learned rust, which men as well as metals acquire, it is simply speaking a blemish in both: the social feelings grow callous from disuse, and lose that pliancy of little affections, which sweetens the cup of life as we drink of it.

It often happens that we are blinded even with too much light, which instead of guiding us through the thorny mazes of indiscretion, very often cast us upon the brink, or down the precipices of misery and ruin.

To preserve Friendship, care, confidence, and complaisance are necessary: without the aid of which it expires.

Great minds bear affliction silently but they bear it hardly; they know how few, how very few are susceptible of any real compassion: they know too where it is bestowed with the greatest sincerity, how unprofitable a bounty it is.

If a temptation hath drawn us aside, to lay down in sin, it is happy for us if we can arise, ere we are surprized with judgment.

## MAXIMS.

Hypocrisy is a homage that vice pays to virtue.

Every man, however little, makes a figure in his own eyes.

Narrow minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity.

Those who are the most faulty, are the most apt to find faults in others.

To be angry is to punish myself for the fault of another.

The most profitable revenge, the most rational, and the most pleasant, is to make it the interest of the injurious person not to hurt you a second time.

Solitude in hiding failings makes them appear the greater. It is a safer and easier course frankly to acknowledge them.—A man owns that he is ignorant: we admire his modesty. He says he is old: we scarce think him so. He declares himself poor: we do not believe it.

To gain knowledge of ourselves, the best way is to convert the imperfections of others into a mirror for discovering our own.

Apply yourself more to acquire knowledge than to show it. Men commonly take great pains to put off the little stock they have; but they take little pains to acquire more.

To deal with a man you must know his temper, by which you can lead him; or his ends, by which you can persuade him; or his friends, by whom you can govern him.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humour; the last, wit.

Be moderate in your pleasures, that your relief for them may continue.

He who cannot bear a jest ought never to make one.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

## LINES,

Written in memory of Mrs. Lydia Thomas, wife of the Rev. Samuel Thomas, of this city, who died Sept. 19, 1809.

FAREWELL, dear saint,—dear aged friend adieu,  
Safe hast thou past life's mazy current through;  
Hast gain'd the blest applaudit of 'well done,'—  
The cross resign'd for the unfading crown.

Thrice happy soul!—her sufferings now are past  
Sickness and pain have altogether ceas'd;  
Long she endur'd affliction's chastening rod,  
With meek submission to the will of God.

Willing to suffer for her Saviour's sake.  
That she with him might endless life partake;  
She knew the sacred word and felt its sway,  
And found her strength proportion'd to her day.

Religion's votary long she stood confest,  
Her life the tenor of her soul express'd:  
'Gainst her firm anchor cast within the veil,  
Nor storms nor adverse winds could e'er prevail.

Her shield of faith shone bright, its worth she knew,  
By constant use this gift the brighter grew;  
Mature in grace,—her treasure fix'd on high,  
She knew to live, and, living learn'd to die.

A parent all affectionate and kind,  
A tender loving wife, a sincere friend,  
Long will her memory, to friends endeared,  
Be cherished, and her worth by them revered.

May her dear partner strengthen'd from above,  
Blest with his Saviour's smiles, his Saviour's love,  
Serenely pass the evening of his days,  
Nor cloud obscure his sun's declining rays,

May their loved progeny, in wisdom's ways,  
Find real happiness, and lasting peace;  
And oh! may all who wish to gain the prize,  
Like our deceased friend be truly wise.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

## SONNET.

TO E — S — H — — — —

Go, pencil! faithful to thy master's sighs;  
Go, tell the goddess of this fairy scene,  
When next her light steps wind those woodwalks  
green,  
Whence all his tears, his tender sorrows rise:  
Ah! paint her form, her soul-illumin'd eyes,  
The sweet expression of her pensive face,  
The lightning's smile, the animated grace—  
The portrait well the lover's voice supplies:  
Speaks all his heart must feel, his tongue would say:  
Yet, ah! not all his heart must sadly feel!  
How oft the flower's silken leaves conceal  
That drug that steals the vital spark away!  
And who that gazes on that angel smile,  
Would fear its charm or think it could beguile!

FRANCISCA.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

## LINES DESIGNED FOR A WATCH CASE.

Could but our temper move like this machine;  
Not urged by passion, nor delayed by spleen;  
But true to nature's regulating power,  
By virtuous acts distinguish'd every hour.

Here health and joy would follow as they ought,  
The laws of motion and the laws of thought;  
Sweet health to pass the present moment o'er,  
And everlasting joy when time shall be no more.

S. G. P.

## ANECDOTE.

When Charles the Twelfth invaded Norway, in the year 1716, the main body of his army advanced towards Christiana, when a detachment was sent to destroy the silver works at Kongsberg. On this expedition a party of 800 horsemen, commanded by Col. Loeven, passed through a narrow defile in the Harasue wood, and quartered for the night at Norderhoug, in the neighborhood of which a small detachment of Norwegian dragoons had been stationed to watch the motion of the enemy. The Swedish commander, who put up at the parsonage, soon after his arrival received information that the Norwegians were only at the distance of three miles, and altogether ignorant of his arrival. Mrs. Anna Colbioernsen, the wife of the clergyman, who was confined at the time to his bed, happened to overhear a consultation among her guests in which it was resolved to attack the Norwegians by break of day, and then to march against Kongsberg. She immediately determined to apprise her countrymen of their danger. In the mean time the greatest attention was paid to her guests; and, while she appeared wholly occupied in providing for their entertainment, improved her information. She displayed equal apparent benevolence towards the comforts of the private soldiers; and, on pretext of wanting other necessaries to complete their entertainment, she dispatched a servant as it were, to procure them. The Swedish Colonel, in the mean time, inquired of Mrs. Colbioernsen the road to Steen, where he intended to station his outposts, and was completely deceived by her replies. He ordered his horses to be kept in readiness at the door; but she contrived to make the grooms drunk, upon which she put the horses in the stable and locked the door. Her next object was, under the plea of compassion, to obtain permission of the Colonel to light a fire in the yard to comfort his men. This fire she insensibly increased to such a degree, that it served as a beacon to guide the Norwegians to the spot. For she had informed her countrymen that a fire would be the signal for them to advance. Every thing succeeded to her utmost wishes, and her address and intrepidity were rewarded by the arrival of the Norwegians at her house without discovery. They took the Swedish Colonel prisoner, and either cut to pieces or put to flight the whole of his party. Upon which they sat down to the entertainments which Mrs. Colbioernsen had provided for their enemies.

The next morning she went out, in company with another female, to view the field of battle. The Swedes who had fled during the night, in the mean time, rallied, and being still superior in numbers to the Norwegians, they resolved to attack them; but, being ignorant of the forces of the enemy, they sent out a reconnoitring party, who, falling in with Mrs. Colbioernsen the corporal rode up to her, and pointing his carbine to her breast demanded instant information as to the position and numbers of the Norwegians. Her companion fainted away; but Mrs. Colbioernsen boldly asked: 'Is it the order of your king to shoot old women?' The corporal abashed, removed his carbine, but persisted in his first question. 'As to their numbers,' she replied, 'that you may easily find out, as they are this moment mustering behind the church in order to pursue you. More I cannot tell you, not having counted them. But this I know they are as numerous as the bees in a hive.' Relying upon this intelligence, the party returned to their countrymen, who fled in all directions. And such was their confusion and disorder, that many were taken by the natives, and many lost in the forests.

EVERY season of the year, like the life of man, is intermixed, more or less, with beauties and deformities, with storms and sunshine, with scenes both delightful and disagreeable. Spring, like youth, is the season of animation, sprightliness and music. Winter, like old age, has more of fears than hopes; more of pains than of pleasures; its days and nights are tedious and joyless; its prospects are distressing and gloomy. In Summer, as in ripening, all is fervid, vigorous, and productive. Autumn, like the mature age of man, is tranquil and sedate. It presents us first with loaded branches of fruits; and then with fading beauties, falling leaves, nipping frosts, plaintive sounds, dying insects, growling tempests, unmelodious groves, naked hills, and pillaged fields. In the fading verdure of the woods; in the decaying, falling leaves of every tree, both the young and the old may view themselves as in a mirror, and learn their frailty and rapid progress to dissolution. But however our bodies fade, let our virtues flourish.



# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 14, 1809.

The city inspector reports the death of 41 persons, (of whom 10 were men, 9 women, 10 boys, and 11 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, Viz. Of abscess 1, caries of the spine 1, consumption 5, convulsions 3, debility 1, decay 1, diarrhoea 2, dropsy 1, drowned 3, remittent fever 1, typhus fever 1, infantile flux 8, fracture 1, hives 2, inflammation of the bowels 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, intemperance 1, old age 1, sudden death 1, suicide by arsenic 1, teething 2, ulcer 1, and 1 of whooping-cough.

Tomorrow morning, the 15th inst. a Sermon will be preached, and a Collection made, in Christ Church, for the benefit of the School belonging to said Church, it being determined to apply the collections of the whole day, to the same benevolent purpose. The Gloria Patria will be chaunted, and the services of Bonum est Confitari and Deus Mesitatur after the Lessons, will be sung by the Musical Association of said Church.—Also, after the Sermon, an Anthem, taken from the 1st, 4th, and 9th verses of the 25th chap. of Isaiah composed by S. P. Taylor.

New-York, Oct. 14.

Hartford, Oct. 5.—On Tuesday of last week, the body of Benjamin Kettle, late of Canterbury, was found in Connecticut river, opposite Wehensfield. We are informed that the verdict of the Jury of inquest, who examined the body, was, that he was knocked overboard from a Coaster, the Saturday morning preceding.—From some circumstances it is conjectured that he did not die a natural or accidental death.

On Tuesday last, in the town of Walkill, between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning, Mr. Samuel Coleman cut his throat from ear to ear with a razor. He was about 45 years of age, and has left a wife and 3 children to lament his horrid and untimely end.

Orange County Gazette.

Liverpool, Aug. 25.—On Monday, at Marlborough-street office, London, Mrs. Plunkett, the wife of Major Plunkett, and daughter of General Gunning, and celebrated as a novel-writer was privately examined at the suit of the well-known John King. She was charged with having forged and uttered a bill of exchange for 76l. 10s. purporting to have been drawn by herself, and accepted by King. It appeared that some bill transactions had previously taken place, betwixt the parties, but it did not appear that any consent had been given in this instance—the prosecutor stated, that this bill was presented to him when due, and he detected the forgery. He saw the prisoner on the subject, and she begged for her life, which, according to his statement, had once before been in his hands. There was an acknowledgement to the bill on the part of Mrs. P. and she was held to bail, to appear again on an early day.

GLASGOW, AUG. 24.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Dornoch, to his friend in Glasgow, dated 17th Aug. 1809, received in town yesterday.

"I have to relate one of the most awful and the most melancholy accidents that ever occurred in this part of the world. Last Wednesday, being the fair day at Tain, the ferry-boat, in crossing from that side to the south side, sunk,

and the whole on board perished amounting to upwards of 120 souls, among whom were Sheriff M-Colloch, Mr. John Leshe, merchant, and Isabella his sister, &c. There were upwards of 20 from the town and 63 from the Parish. It is easier for you to conceive than for me to describe the awful situation of the whole town. The whole church-yard is one scene of graves; and all yesterday carts were employed in carrying the dead bodies to the town. Few of those belonging to the town have yet been found this day, as we have got a net and are going to try what we can do. The boat was over-loaded and, as soon as they left the land began to sink. The blame has been much laid on the ferry-man on the south side, who has suffered as he happened unfortunately to be on this side the fatal morning. The day was quite calm. Thank God, none of our nearest relations were among the sufferers, but I feel for the situation of my dear neighbours. Good God, what a havoc, in one Parish—whole families have perished!"

## MRS. HADLEY

Is removed from No. 14 Broad-way, to No. 12 Courtlandt-street, where she carries on the Millinery Business in all its Branches. She has for sale a variety of Fancy Millinery, of the Newest Fashions, which she will sell on very reasonable terms.

Makes up Ladies own materials.

October 14

1078—tf

## WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

One or two Tayloresses. None need apply but those who perfectly understand their business; to such, good wages and constant employ will be given, on inquiry at No. 214, Greenwich street.

A Girl as an Apprentice wanted to the Tailoring business.—Inquire as above.

October 14th

1078—4t

JUST RECEIVED.

## THE EXILE OF ERIN,

A NEW NOVEL.

BY MISS GUNNING.

ALSO

## THE COMMUNICANT'S COMPANION;

OR,

## INSTRUCTIONS AND HELP

FOR

## THE RIGHT RECEIVING OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

## THOMAS MORTON,

Begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public that he has removed to No. 92 William-street, the store occupied by the late Mrs. Brasher: where he has for sale the following fancy and staple articles—

Damask and diaper table cloths  
Fine French cambrics and linens  
Twilled cotton sheetings  
6-4 wide checks and bed ticks  
Chintz, calicoes and ginghams  
Fancy shawls, silk, cotton and camels hair  
Ladies and gentlemen's silk and cotton hose  
Gentlemen's English black silk extra sizes do,  
India book, cambrics and mulmull muslins  
Plain, Fancy, and Doras Pelongs  
Ribbons, sewing Silks, cotton and silk Trimmings  
Fancy Vesting, Cassimeres and Cloths  
Cotton Yarn for Sewing, Knitting and Drawing  
Pins, Tapes, velvet Binding and Fans  
White and coloured Threads, floss silk and Thread,  
with a variety of other Articles, which will be sold low, wholesale and retail

May 27

1058—

JUST RECEIVED,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,  
a few reams elegant gilt edge and plain  
NOTE PAPER.

ALSO,

## COMMON PRAYER BOOKS.

## CISTERNS

Made and put in the ground complete warranted tight by  
C ALFORD,  
No 15, Catharine street, near the Watch house

## COURT OF HYMEN.

THE numerous evils that in life arise,  
Demand some friend their sadness to attend,  
To wipe our tears and check our frequent sighs,  
And conjugal affection names this friend.

## MARRIED,

On Monday evening, the 2d inst. at New Bedford, Massachusetts, Mr. Philip I. Hone, of this city, to Miss Hazard, daughter of Thomas Hazard, Esq. of the former place

On Saturday evening last, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Andrew Calder, to Miss Anne Richardson, both of this city

On Sunday last, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Matthew Martin, to Miss Mary Smith, both of this city

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Townsley, Mr. Roberts, to Miss Dolly Earl, both of this city.

On Tuesday last, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. Neill McNeill, of the house of N. McNeill and Co. of Charleston, S. C. to Miss Charlotte M. Gilchrist, of this city, eldest daughter of the late Richard B. Gilchrist

On Tuesday afternoon, in St. John's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Beach. Mr. Thomas Wickham merchant, to Cornelia Matilda Rutgers, daughter of the late Anthony A. Rutgers, Esq.

At Newtown, on Sunday last, by the Rev. A. L. Clarke, Mr. William A. Page, to Miss Eliza Clarke, daughter of Dr. James Clarke, all of this city

At South Hempstead L. I. on Tuesday the 3d inst by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. Townsend R. Willis, of Cedar-Swamp, to Miss Mary Coles of Musquetoe-Cove, daughter of Caleb Coles Esq. all of Long-Island.

Near Chelmsford, England, Mr. John Cooper, to Mrs. Mary Moody. The lady in the course of the last twelve months has been twice a bride once a widow, and has had two children at a birth

## MORTALITY.

TRIUMPH, grim tyrant, in thy spoils of clay!  
Th' immortal part is raised beyond thy power,  
And looks from the high battlements of Heaven.  
With scorn on thy mean trophies here below.

## DIED,

On Saturday morning last, Mr. Lewis Jones, Jun Printer, in the 31st year of his age

On Saturday evening last, after a lingering illness, in the 31st year of his age, Mr. Henry Skinner, son of Abraham Skinner, Esq. formerly of this city

On Tuesday morning, Mr. William Adams, merchant of this city, after a long and tedious indisposition

On Thursday evening last, at 10 o'clock, of a lingering complaint, Mr. John McCreery.

On Wednesday morning, at Hell Gate, Long-Island, Mrs. Eve Lawrence, aged 63 years, widow of the late Col. Daniel Lawrence

At West Stockbridge, Mr. Ephraim Starr, of Goshen, Connecticut, aged 64. He has left a property of 700 000 dollars behind him

At Westminster, Vermont, on the 18th ult. the widow Mary Averhill, aged 94. She has left an offspring of 8 children, 63 grand children, 110 great grand children, and 5 of the fourth generation. She was the first female white person that ever entered the town of Westminster

In England, lately, aged 88, Mrs. Beaton, in St. John's Madder Market, Norwich. She was a native of Wales, and commonly called the Freeman, from the circumstance of her concealing herself one evening in the wainscoting of a lodge room, where she learnt that secret, the knowledge of which thousands of her sex have in vain attempted to arrive at. It is said she was a very singular old woman as the secret died with her

## S. DAWSON'S,

## WARRANTED DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,  
FOR SALE,

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3 Peck-Slip and at the Proprietors 48 Frankfort-street

## COURT OF APOLLO.

THE

### GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.

*The following beautiful verses, were written by the celebrated Comedian CHERRY, and set to Music by the famous Shield—It has received no small share of applause from the public, since its introduction to Webster's Sans Souci, in Philadelphia, by that inimitable and exquisite songster.*

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,  
'Twas St. Patrick himself, sure that set it,  
And the sun, on his labor, with pleasure did smile,  
And with dew from his eyes, often wet it.  
It thrives thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the  
mireland.  
And he calls it the sweet little Shamrock of  
Ireland,  
The sweet little Shamrock, the dear little Sham-  
rock.  
The sweet little, green little, Shamrock of Ireland

This sweet little plant still grows in our land,  
Fresh and fair as the daughter of ERIN,  
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,  
In each clime that each shall appear in.  
And shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the  
mireland,  
Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ire-  
land,  
The sweet little Shamrock, &c.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,  
When its three little leaves are extended,  
Denotes from one stalk, ~~we~~ together should toil,  
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.  
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the  
mireland,  
From one root should branch like the Shamrock  
of Ireland,  
The sweet little Shamrock, &c.

The dear little plant that shoots from our earth,  
Let the hard hand of Industry nourish,  
And love in each heart find its own warm birth,  
While peace, joy and plenty shall flourish.  
And bloom thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the  
mireland,  
Just like our own, your dear little Shamrock of  
Ireland,  
Your own little Shamrock, your dear little Sham-  
rock,  
Oh! blessings attend on the sweet little, green  
little Shamrock of Ireland.

### MANTUA-MAKING, &c.

A young woman who is mistress of the Mantua  
making and Silk Coat business, takes this method to  
inform the Ladies, that she will be thankful for em-  
ploy by the day, in genteel families—inquire at No  
77. Maiden-Lane  
October 7 1077—31

### DANCING SCHOOL.

Mr. Fraiser's School is now open for the reception  
of Ladies and Gentlemen, at Mr. Williams's, oppo-  
site to Pell-street, Bowery.  
His French School is kept at the Ladies' Academy,  
No. 23, Partition-street.  
Sept 30 1076—41

### RAGS WANTED.

SUITABLE FOR SURGEONS' USE.  
AN EXTRA PRICE WILL BE GIVEN.  
INQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.

### RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linnen RAGS  
this office,

## PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S TINCTURE,

FOR  
THE GUMS AND TEETH,



Prepared after the original receipt from this distin-  
guished European, dentist to the present proprietor,  
who is induced, by the many requests of his acquaint-  
ances who have given it a trial, to offer this much es-  
teemed preparation to the public, in hopes of check-  
ing, in part, the use of common and pernicious tooth  
powders, which, by friction, and the corrosive ingre-  
dients they usually contain, soon destroy the enamel  
loosen, and materially injure the teeth and gums.—  
This mischief, and its distressing effects, is obviated,  
by the peculiar properties of the Tincture, which pre-  
serves and whitens the teeth, fastens those that are  
loose, sweetens the breath, strengthens the gums, and  
completely eradicates the scurvy, which often proves  
destructive to a whole set of teeth. The Tincture is  
of great value to persons wearing artificial teeth fast-  
ened to the natural ones, as it prevents the natural  
teeth from becoming loose, and he others from chang-  
ing their colour.

Sold by appointment at the Medicine Store, No.  
198, Broadway, and at the office of the Weekly Mu-  
seum, No. 3, Peck-slip—at two shillings a bottle, with  
directions.

September 9

1073—1f



### RULEFF CONOVER,

(Late Foreman to Mr. Reuben Brown.)

Respectfully informs the Ladies of this city, and  
his friends in general, that he has taken that conveni-  
ent stand at the blue window, No. 120, Broad-way, di-  
rectly opposite the City-Hotel, where he intends to  
carry on the LADIES' SHOE MAKING in all its  
various branches, in the neatest and most fashionable  
manner. The public may depend upon the strictest  
attention being paid to their commands. The sub-  
scriber's long and unremitted attention to the above  
business for upwards of eight years in the first rate  
shops in this city, he hopes will entitle him to a share  
of the public patronage.

R. C. intends to keep none but the very best ma-  
terials and workmen, which will enable him, by known  
ability and strict attention, to give general satisfac-  
tion. Ladies, by sending their messages, shall be  
personally attended to at their respective places of a  
bode, and their orders thankfully received and execut-  
ed with the strictest attention, being determined to  
spare no pains or exertions to merit the favours of a  
generous public.

September 23

1075—1f

### BILIOUS CORDIAL.

#### A FRESH SUPPLY, JUST RECEIVED,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

In Bottles at Four or Six Shillings each

An immediate, safe and effectual remedy in the most  
inveterate cases of **BILIOUS CHOLIC**, and is pecu-  
liarly proper in all complaints proceeding from a redun-  
dancy of Bile. It may be used to great advantage in  
Complaints of the Bowels generally, and is as agree-  
able as efficacious.

A supply of the above cordial is just received from  
the proprietor (a resident of New Jersey, who having  
witnessed the happy effects resulting from its use for  
several years past, considers it a duty highly incum-  
bent to place it more in the way of his fellow-crea-  
tures.

Numerous affidavits (and those the most respecta-  
ble) might be produced of its utility and effects, but  
these auxiliaries are too often abused in recommend-  
ing trash as specifics in every complaint.

A trial of the Bilious cordial will in itself be its best  
recommendation.

August 19.

### WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business. None need  
apply unless well recommended. Inquire at this Of-  
fice.

May 13

## TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE, BY  
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

At the sign of the Golden Rose,  
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies or-  
namented Combs of the newest fashion—also La-  
dies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball  
far superior to any other for softening beautifying  
and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agree-  
able perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that  
holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small  
compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well  
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples red-  
ness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen af-  
ter shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s  
bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the  
hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey  
4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted

Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d  
Smith's Sarcynette Royal Paste for washing the  
skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per  
pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the  
teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural col-  
our to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or  
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superfine Hair-Powder. Almond powder  
for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, gleas-  
ing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from  
turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Po-  
matums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a  
most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chy-  
mical principles to help the operation of shaving 3s  
and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box  
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Braaces. Elastic worsted and Cotton  
Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

\* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic  
Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-  
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn  
combs, Superfine white-starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving  
but have their goods fresh and free from adultera-  
tion, which is not the case with imported Perfumery  
8 Trunks Marseilles Pomatum

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

### ECONOMICAL AND CONVENIENT CHAMBER-LIGHT.

By means of a Floating Wax Taper which will burn  
Ten Hours,

and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, and give  
a good and sufficient light. They require no particu-  
lar lamp, but may be burnt in a wine glass, tumbler,  
or any similar vessel.—Persons who are in the habit  
of being called up at night, and others requiring or  
wishing a light during the night (particularly the  
sick), will find those Tapers exceedingly cheap and  
convenient.—They are recommended to Publicans to  
light Segars with during the day.

They are sold at C. Harrison's Book-Store, in boxes  
containing 50 tapers, at 50 cents per box.

### CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.

PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE  
ON MODERATE TERMS.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISSON

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE